

[Late Night Vulgarities](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Our Flag Means Death (TV)

Genre: Accidental Voyeurism, Fantasizing, First Kiss, First Time, Hand Jobs, M/M, Masturbation, Mutual Masturbation, Pre-Relationship, Pre-Slash, Premature Ejaculation, except not that mutual because Stede comes too fast, the puzzle that is Stede Bonnet's sexuality

Language: English

Characters: Blackbeard | Edward Teach, Stede Bonnet

Relationships: Blackbeard | Edward Teach/Stede Bonnet

Status: Completed

Published: 2022-04-06

Updated: 2022-04-17

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:47:22

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 3

Words: 8,933

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

It figured that the moment Stede's libido decided to rear its head, he'd be sharing a room.

When Stede finds himself fantasizing about Ed and desperate for relief, he's pleased to discover that Ed is fast asleep, which means Stede can basically go to town as long as he keeps himself reasonably quiet.

Ed is not fast asleep. Ed is not even a little bit asleep at all. Ed is listening to Stede pant and whisper his name, and he's losing his *entire fucking mind* about it.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I am really on quite a roll with this nonsense, so here's Stede thinking about his feelings! Next up, Ed losing his whole shit over this.

Please note the original google doc for this is titled "Stede having a time"

Ed was a surprisingly heavy sleeper for a fearsome pirate captain.

If Stede had guessed a few weeks ago, he'd have said Blackbeard would be on high alert at all times. Perhaps he would quote some detail from a story of Black Pete's, something like, '*Blackbeard never sleeps. He keeps his eyes open at all times. He only blinks once a century.*'

But when Stede tried Ed's name, whispered into the dark of the cabin, Ed didn't stir.

"Ed?" Stede called again, slightly louder, and received no response.

Stede settled back into his bed, toyed with the sleep mask in his hands, and considered the particular challenge he was faced with.

There were certain problems that Stede had once assumed a man outgrew—that *he* had outgrown. Long ago, he had gone through a period of youthful, ahem, *romantic enthusiasm*. It wasn't directed anywhere in particular, nor at any *one* in particular, but it was there all the same, waking him up sweating and flushed in his bed, the sheets twisted around his hips and certain areas of him uncomfortably sticky.

And then he'd become a man, and he'd gotten married, and those urges died out immediately. Too immediately, if you asked Stede, because that made it quite difficult to complete the whole "be fruitful and multiply" part of the marriage relationship. He muddled through it somehow, but he did not often

experience anything in the realm of nocturnal desires. In fact, Mary was much more interested in such things than Stede.

He only realized after his foray into piracy that age might have less to do with it than the specificities of his partner. No offense meant to Mary. She was, after all, a wonderful woman.

It was just that she was a woman.

Stede had known, academically, that two men could be lovers. For a gentleman like himself, however, criticisms of that sort of behavior could range anywhere from “unseemly” to “ungodly”. It simply was not done. And those sorts of relations had never appealed to Stede anyhow, mostly because every other man around him was just another Stede. Well-bred gentlemen living off inherited fortunes, and not a one of them even had the decency to take up an interest in the arts, or literature, or theater. Being with one of them would have been just as boring as being with Mary.

Piracy was anything but boring. On the open seas, it seemed there was less of a concern about who might take whom as a lover, although some attributed that to an overall lack of women aboard pirate ships. Stede would like to think that wasn't entirely the case, at least among his crew.

Stede had been last to notice Lucius and Black Pete had gone from flirting to something more (Stede, in fact, had not noticed the flirting in the first place). Stede didn't realize until after he'd recovered from his run-in with the Spanish Navy, right around the same time he'd first had the thought of, *'well, Ed's rather handsome, now isn't he?'* which served for a startling series of revelations altogether.

Not only was a loving, companionable relationship between two men something that was *possible*, it was something that pirates, in specific, were prone to. It was something that nobody on his ship minded, and some actually participated in. Stede, as their captain, had social permission to want something like that.

And he did. He wanted it quite terribly.

The problem was that Stede was entirely unsure how to *reach* that point, having had exactly one (arguably) amorous relationship in his lifetime, a marriage which had been arranged by his father and culminated in no true affection. He had never tried to convince Mary to love him, so he was quite out of practice in convincing anybody else.

Stede looked at the back of the couch. He couldn't see Ed, but he knew Ed was curled up there, under a blanket Stede had tucked him beneath, because he was certainly not going to let the man sleep without a blanket.

If he didn't stop thinking of Ed, Stede would never sleep. He was preoccupied with an earlier occasion that evening, while they were having their customary nightcap in Stede's quarters. Ed had been wandering around wearing one of Stede's dressing gowns over his leather pants, with the robe open to show the span of his chest down to his navel. Stede had been blushing earlier but was unbearably aroused now.

To think! All it took was an uninterrupted view of a man's half-naked torso and Stede was flustered and hard and quite unable to sleep.

But that wasn't it, was it? For it wasn't just any half-naked man, it was *Ed*, and it wasn't simply that Ed was half-nude but that he was wearing *Stede's dressing gown*. Stede had put it on later and thought of how this silk had touched Ed's naked skin. Even through Stede's nightshirt, he could feel the brush of it. It made Stede want to wear it otherwise bare, made Stede wish that he could press up against Ed's bare skin in its place. That particular line of desire made the lightweight robe feel hot as a woolen coat and the sheets feel like an oven around him.

"Ed?" Stede tried again, and again, nothing. Ed was a quiet sleeper, he didn't snore, he didn't toss and turn. He barely breathed deeper.

Stede rolled in his bed, facing the windows, trying to get comfortable. The bed linens kept brushing against the particular problem he was struggling not to fix in the conventional way.

But he'd known he'd given up on self-imposed chastity the moment he first called Ed's name and had heard nothing but restful silence.

He pulled his nightshirt up and tried to tell himself it was only the drag of fabric against him that had him so completely erect. Even in his mind it was a bald-faced lie. He shifted his hips, getting a hand around himself. How long had it been since he'd done this? He'd estimate somewhere between a half-dozen years and a decade.

It figured that the moment his libido decided to rear its head, he'd be sharing a room.

He pressed his mouth against the pillow, trying to disguise the hitch in his breathing. It was a bit silly. Ed was asleep, for Christ's sake.

Ed was asleep and Stede was thinking of him: of the way he leaned heavily into Stede when they shared nightly stories on the deck, his hand clasping Stede's shoulder and then staying there, a warm weight pressed against him. If Stede was in only his shirtsleeves, he could practically feel it as if Ed's hand was against his bare skin. He thought of gentle touches to his hips as Ed adjusted his positioning while they practiced fencing, the ways their knees knocked together beneath the breakfast table.

Stede's fantasies were mind-bogglingly trivial. Picturing Ed leaning against him like any other night, sharing a drink on the couch, was enough to get him hot already. He was pathetically lustful, really. In his mind's eye, that touch became an embrace, and that embrace became Ed's hands on him, down his chest, over his belly and thighs and groin. Ed could simply touch him and Stede would be helplessly aroused. He hadn't even reached the part of the daydream wherein Ed took his clothes off. It would be enough just to feel him.

The pace at which Stede touched himself increased, as he imagined Ed going from sitting beside him to sitting in his lap, not with his legs cocked shyly to the side, but *straddling* him, pressing the insides of Ed's thighs to the outsides of Stede's. Ed would press against him, and look at him with those beautiful dark eyes, and maybe make some quip about the predicament they found themselves in. Stede couldn't quite work out what Ed might say, because anything Stede thought of was an indirect witticism.

Not that Ed wasn't witty. But he was direct. And, if he found himself on Stede's lap like this, pressed close enough to feel the hardness of him in his breeches, he'd say something *vulgar*.

Vulgarity was not Stede's specialty but they rolled off Ed's tongue very nicely. His mouth was... also quite nice. If only he could think of another word aside from 'nice'. If only he could slow the pace at which his hand was moving and savor the moment, but alas.

Stede had never thought of what it might be like to kiss a man with a beard. Now he could imagine nothing but.

Ed's beard was very nice, curly and coarse, and Stede had felt the texture of it against his neck when Ed embraced him. He wondered how it would feel on his chin. He wondered if Ed's mustache might prick against his upper lip.

Touching and kissing, that was all he pictured. He knew, from the way his crew talked, approximately how sex between two men was accomplished, but having never experienced it himself, he couldn't conjure an image with any certainty.

And *besides*, touching Ed would be enough.

And what if Stede's touch was good enough for Ed in turn? What if Stede ran his hands along Ed's body, up over his thighs and those well-fitted leather trousers. The idea that he might reach between a partner's legs and find a hard cock made him shudder in a terribly, *terribly* good way.

"*Edward*," he sighed, barely above a whisper, just trying the name on his tongue. It made every fiber of his being thrum with happiness. A man's name, *Ed's* name, and Stede might call it in the throes of pleasure. Stede *had*.

He was startled to stillness by the sound of shifting from the couch.

Was Ed awake? Had he heard? Stede couldn't roll over, or he would betray himself. His hand was still around his cock.

The movement stopped. There were no footsteps, no indications that Ed was going to approach and find out exactly what Stede was up to.

“Ed?” He said quietly, barely turning his head to look over his shoulder. Ed had not somehow silently crept across the cabin to stand at Stede’s bedside and accuse him of lewdness.

Stede blew out a sigh. God, the *one time* Ed tossed in his sleep, and it was while Stede was engaging in perhaps the crassest thing he’d ever done.

He should have given up then, called it a night and let himself sleep.

But his cock *fucking throbbed*. If he didn’t finish, he thought he may perish from this mortal plane, and what a foolish death that would be.

Assured that Ed was not awake, Stede kept going.

‘*But what if he was?*’ whispered a dark little voice from Stede’s mind.

What if Ed had gotten up, and crossed the room, and stood at the alcove where Stede’s bed rested? Perhaps he would lean in, say, “*you woke me up with that,*” and then, “*it’s alright. I know how you can pay me back.*”

Stede pictured Ed putting one knee on the mattress, waiting for Stede’s say-so. And of course Stede would say yes. He’d beg Ed to come into bed with him. And then Ed would slowly peel back the covers, revealing what Stede had been up to, his nightshirt bunched up around his chest, his hand still on himself.

Stede would stammer something ridiculous, of course, because he wasn’t a practiced seductor even in his own mind. And then Ed would put his hand on Stede’s wrist, just like he had when first he woke Stede in this bed.

When Stede thought back on it, that moment had been a lot like coming back to life.

This moment was, too.

He didn't even get to the part of the fantasy where Ed nudged Stede's hand away and took over, wrapping a callused palm around his cock (maybe even with the gloves on, would that feel nice or terrible?). No, he was busy not quite clamping down on a pitiful whimper that came from his lips as he approached climax, and then went running right over the edge.

He breathed hard, shaky in the aftermath. He could already feel wetness seeping into his nightshirt.

He didn't give himself time to cool down before sitting up, holding his shirt bunched up away from his body so he didn't become further soiled.

He kept an eye on Ed as he slipped out of bed and snuck into the en-suite, but Ed was still fast asleep, only the top of his head visible where he lay on a pillow propped up against the arm of the couch.

Stede shut the door and then leaned against it, giving himself a moment just to breathe before even moving for the basin of water sitting in the corner of the bathroom.

He had no idea what the hell he was doing, and overall, this had been a terrible idea and very bad behavior indeed. And yet, there was a smile Stede couldn't keep off his face.

God, had anything ever felt so good before?

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Ed, who is very much awake, is initially keen on letting Stede get some time to himself.

And then Ed realizes what listening to Stede *get some time to himself* is doing to him.

Notes for the Chapter:

ED TIME!!!!!! Thank you so much to everyone who read the 1st chapter and wanted to see some Ed! Your encouragements had me finishing this WAY faster than I initially intended!

Ed was lying on Stede Bonnet's couch, very much awake, and very aware that Stede was getting off over there on the bed.

Well, fuck, right?

He'd not given an answer when Stede called his name, because the last time Stede had said his name in the middle of the night, it'd been to ask Ed if he thought seagulls had feelings.

Assuming it'd be another such stupid question (Ed didn't mind stupid questions, actually he sort of enjoyed them, but only in daylight hours) Ed hadn't responded. Then Stede had said his name again, and Ed figured if it was something truly urgent, Stede would actually get up instead of quietly calling from his bed.

Then, he'd heard increasingly heavy breathing and extremely recognizable rhythmic noises.

Stede thought Ed was asleep. That was why he'd been calling. Stede wanted Ed to be asleep so that he could have some alone time with his own

hand. Ed would've giggled if that wouldn't've alerted Stede to his state of wakefulness.

Not very gentlemanly of you, gentleman pirate.

Ed was happy for the guy. Stede was wound a little tight, he deserved to let loose once in a while. Besides, it wouldn't be the first time Ed had to pretend he was sleeping while a crewmate took care of himself one bed over. Hadn't happened in years, of course, one of the perks of being captain was that you got to masturbate in peace. Alone. Unless you were Stede.

Funny story—that was actually how Ed and Jack turned into a thing. They'd been bunkmates, and Jack had taken *for-fucking-ever* to finish it off one night. Ed, tired of the exaggerated grunting, asked if he wanted a hand, and Jack said, "*hell yeah, man, I was wondering how long it was gonna take you to ask.*" Ed only realized after he'd been taught how to suck dick that he'd been played. But he'd just grinned, called Jack a tricky bastard, and told him to return the favor or Ed'd cut his left ball in half.

Here was the problem: a buttoned-up (usually literally) guy like Stede getting a chance to finally cut loose was a little louder than a practiced sailor who was accustomed to furtively getting off in his bunk. Stede was a little sloppier, a little less in control of his breathing. And *god*, that had Ed heating up.

Ed had been on the Revenge for a week, and by now he was pretty certain Stede wasn't fucking any of his men. That was a good thing. If he had been bugging one of them, Ed would feel the need to have a discussion about the dangers of getting into that sort of thing with a subordinate. Only proper as one captain to another, except Ed really didn't want to have that chat, because Stede would ask a lot of questions. Given that he was, for all intents, single, it was no wonder Stede needed to handle these things himself.

Ed could have handled it for him.

He wasn't sure where that thought came from, but it had him clamping down on an urge to squirm, to shift, to maybe get some pressure off his dick

—why was there pressure *on* his dick in the first place? Listening to some crewmate beat off wasn't hot. It was mundane, annoying—but that usual sort of nightly disturbance wasn't what was happening here.

Because Ed was listening to *Stede*.

He couldn't deny that Stede was handsome. He looked like people wanted angels to look, fluffy golden hair and puppy-dog eyes and soft hands, soft middle, soft heart. But he wasn't an angel, just a man. An often awkward, sometimes fumbling, still elegant, extremely smart, witty man.

Aw, fuck.

Ed *wanted* him. Ed wanted him terribly. Ed probably had wanted him since he first heard his name and certainly had wanted him since he first sat at Stede's bedside, watched him toss and turn, and wondered who this strange creature was.

This was new. Usually, if Ed wanted a man, he got him. He knew how to be charming and he knew he was handsome. He didn't just go around wearing all that tight leather so nobody looked at him. All he needed was a slow up-and down look, a grin and a wink, a hand at the small of a guy's back and a, "*meet me later.*" If they were drunk, maybe Ed would put that hand a little lower, grip the back of the guy's neck and run his teeth down his throat, just a little bit of that Blackbeard crazy.

He might've tried that a week ago, but now he knew Stede wouldn't react well to his usual schemes. Stede would splutter and panic and say something about how that wasn't a way to treat a gentleman, or he'd turn it all into a joke. Or worse, he'd just be completely baffled and quite unable to see the come-on for what it was. Ed's tactics were useless, just like his defenses. Stede made him hopelessly, stupidly soft. And he kinda fuckin' loved it. And it was kinda fuckin' terrifying.

Ed rested his hand over his belly, looking up at the ceiling. Damn, even the ceiling of this place was gilded. Why would you do that? Not like you'd ever look at it.

Except Ed was looking at it now, trying not to focus on Stede's increasingly heavy noises. And he'd be looking at it if Stede got him under—except, maybe, when it was someone you liked to look at as much as Ed liked to look at Stede, you didn't look at the ceiling while he fucked you.

While *he* fucked *you*. Strange. Ed wasn't usually on that side of things anymore. And yet, nothing else about Stede was usual, so it stood to reason Ed wouldn't want to fuck him in the usual way. Through his thin shirt, he could feel the cluster of coin-sized marks where a blade had gone through him time and time again. He ought to teach Stede how to better survive a running-through. Or maybe he was just convinced Stede would never run him through with his cock, so he ought to coerce him into doing it with his rapier.

Educate by example, that's what Ed would do. He'd show Stede how well he could take a man's blade.

And maybe later he'd show Stede how well he could take his cock. Much later. You know, after he healed from the stab wound he was imagining. Stede'd be good at it, Ed thought. Fucking, not stabbing. A natural. All those dance lessons, he knew how to move his hips. Probably. Ed was only assuming about the dance lessons, and it was entirely possible a gentleman's type of dance did not involve any hip movement at all.

He'd still be a natural, though. And if he wasn't, well, Ed could flip him over and show him how. Lead by experience. Ride Stede's cock 'til he knew exactly what Ed wanted.

Ed wondered if there was anything dirty in all those books of Stede's. Maybe he'd ask. See if he could get Stede to go all red again. Maybe he'd lean his head on the back of the couch and show off his throat. See, that's the thing about the beard. Hides his most vulnerable bits. Stede liked looking at where Ed was vulnerable, though. Always had eyes on his neck. Maybe it was because Ed still hadn't given back his fancy necktie, but he wasn't handing it over unless Stede asked, so he still had it on.

He was still thinking about neckties when the weirdest shit happened.

Stede started talking.

Well, ‘talking’ was a bit much for it. Stede said one word, in a rough whisper, sounding like he was fucking *coming* over it.

“*Edward.*”

What the fuck. What the fuck?

Stede didn’t know any other Edwards, right? Maybe he did. Maybe somebody Ed didn’t even know about.

Ed turned onto his side, as if he could see Stede straight through the back of his couch. When this was not accomplished, Ed realized Stede had gone silent.

Did he really finish, then? Calling Ed’s name? (Or, possibly another Edward, he reminded himself. Ed had known like fifty of them in his lifetime, it’s why he made up another name for himself.)

Fuck, there was no way Ed couldn’t picture that as *his name*. Leather trousers were supremely uncomfortable when he was so turned on, and Ed was hard pressed not to shift around again, lest he attract Stede’s attention.

His mind was flooded with the idea of Stede calling out his name, *his name*, and losing all control, as if Ed, without putting a hand on him, had made him come.

God, Ed hoped he’d made him come.

Ed continued to preen over that (with no reason to do so, having no clue whether Stede was even thinking of him) when Stede spoke again.

“Ed?”

Now, that definitely was his name. But it was his name spoken like it had been that first time, Stede testing to make sure he was asleep.

For a moment, Ed didn't move, didn't talk, didn't breathe. He was taking no chances that might allow Stede to deduce that he'd been listening the whole time.

Stede did not call again.

Instead, Stede got right back down to it. *Again?* God, the guy must have been really backed up.

Or, no. He'd not come the first time. He'd stopped—he'd stopped because Ed had rolled over.

Christ, man. If he was gonna freeze up every time somebody turned in his sleep, he'd never get off. Wouldn't've survived weeks as a common sailor, sharing bunks with a dozen other men in listening range.

Well, at least then, Stede would've learned this was a completely normal thing, and nobody fuckin' cared if you were stroking one out, unless maybe they wanted in on the action. Maybe tomorrow night, Ed would have a go. Show Stede it's perfectly normal. Let Stede hear *him* pant and moan. Maybe he'd say Stede's name. Except there was no benefit of the doubt, there. Stedes weren't as common as Edwards. If an 'Edward' was a pebble, a 'Stede' was a pearl.

Ed was smacked straight in the dick with the realization that he hadn't heard Stede come yet.

Shit, there was no way Stede was gonna be able to keep quiet, right? Ed gripped the cushion that rested against the back of the couch, his whole body thrumming with anticipation for it. He sort of wanted to push his hips forward and give himself some friction. It also seemed like a terrible overstep to fuckin' hump Stede's couch. He settled for slowly creeping a hand down his side, and then just resting it there, cupping his cock through his trousers to relieve at least some of the pressure building up.

There it was. A gasp, a whimper, a soft little, "*ah!*" Stede probably didn't even know he was making. Ed fuckin' *reveled* in the fact that he was now privy to exactly how Stede's pleasure sounded.

He bet he could get Stede louder. Maybe get Stede's cock in his mouth. Ed bet he'd scream.

He heard Stede get up, and the door to the bathroom open and close. Stede was in there a long while, and Ed would be lying to himself if he tried to say he wasn't tempted to rub one out really fast while Stede cleaned up.

Mm, he'd probably made a mess of things. All over his frilly little nightshirt. Stede didn't know enough about furtively fucking his own hand to keep things neat. Wouldn't know to put his other hand over the tip to catch it all, wouldn't know to push his shirt up and out of the way—probably *couldn't* do that with the nightshirt, it went past his knees.

Ed turned back onto his back, shifting his hand so that it was back innocently over his belly in case Stede came peeking. He was *stupid* hard in his trousers, his cock pressing against the seam, but he waited.

He waited until Stede was back in bed.

He waited until Stede had gotten under the covers again.

He waited until Stede started snoring. Thank god the man had an easy tell.

This was new, too. Waiting. Ed had never bothered denying himself before. If he wanted a fuck, he had one.

Ed undid his trousers slowly, easing himself out. Another novelty: trying to be especially quiet. It was something he might've done once, but not these days. He had much more practical experience in staying silent than Stede did. When even a too-loud breath might alert his enemies, Ed learned to be quiet.

He touched himself and he thought of Stede saying, "*Edward.*"

That was him, in his head at least.

It wasn't going to take him long, he'd been building to this the whole time he'd been listening to Stede and, admittedly, Ed had been a bit pent up, too. Self-pleasure had gone on the back burner lately. It was as boring as

everything else in his life had been, like a ship becalmed, stuck in a stagnant sea with no winds to blow him in any particular direction.

Stede was a cool breeze filling his sails.

Ed managed to keep things to the barest grunt when he came, making a significantly smaller mess than he assumed Stede had. He still had to get up briefly to clean his hand off, because apparently Stede had instilled within him more manners than he'd had before.

When he left the en-suite, he looked at the bed. Stede had curtains around his bed but he didn't close them when Ed shared his room.

He could just barely make out the floral pattern on Stede's dressing gown in the pale moonlight (almost a new moon, barely any light to go by at night). He briefly considered pulling the blankets a little higher over the curve of Stede's shoulder.

Nah. Poor guy was probably overheated after all that.

Ed crept back to the couch, the usual post-orgasm drowsiness overtaking him. Probably the only thing that kept him from staying up all night thinking about the way his name sounded from an impassioned Stede.

The next morning, they took their breakfast, as usual, in Stede's cabin, sitting on the corners of the table, as close to one another as they could. Stede's knee jostled against his sometimes, and they were close enough that when Stede became particularly excited by whatever story he was telling, he would tap Ed on the arm, sometimes grasping his wrist in his fervor.

Ed leaned back in his chair, after thoroughly sweetening his tea ("*Seven sugars, Ed?*" "*It's not the same with six.*") and asked, "have you ever known another Edward?"

Stede very pointedly dropped *two* sugars in his own tea. "Oh, I must have at some point. You have a common enough name. Not as common as John, or George—you wouldn't believe how many Georges I know—but I must have met an Ed before."

“You can’t recall him, though?”

“Well, no. It was nobody significant. You’re the only Edward who matters. Why do you ask?”

Ed smiled, sipping at his tea, feeling rather like the cat who got the cream. Maybe that was just the milk in there with all the sugars. “No reason. Just curious.”

“*Edward*,” Stede had cried, hand on his cock, so far gone he sounded like he might be coming.

It had been him.

He nudged his boot against Stede’s foot, until their ankles pressed together. Stede didn’t seem bothered, just kept cutting the tops off strawberries and chattering about all the Georges he knew.

He was the only Edward who mattered.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you to everyone who asked, I am indeed adding a chapter 3!

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

The following night, Stede listens in on Ed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you to all the people who asked for a chapter 3! You were all so encouraging and I'm glad to bring you more of this nonsense!

Well, Stede thought, as he listened to a certain series of sounds from across his cabin, *at least I was polite enough to wait until he was asleep before I went at it.*

Edward had no such decorum, and so here Stede was, his sleep mask blindfolding him, flat on his back, hands folded over his chest, practically twiddling his thumbs as he listened to Ed masturbate.

It was probably normal, on a ship. The amount of times somebody had mentioned hearing Lucius and Black Pete going at it in the storeroom was evidence enough of that. But there was a difference between hearing sordid tales about his crewmates and listening to low, poorly-stifled groans from the couch.

Of course, this was enough to make Stede react. Especially after last night's fantasies. For Christ's sake, he'd moaned Edward's name while he touched himself, of *course* he would be overwhelmed hearing such a thing. Especially since Ed's moans were so pretty, low and gruff, his breath heaving the same way it did when he was exerted after a fight.

Stede had gone to bed exhausted. They'd raided one ship and had come up with a paltry amount of findings, as the ship had just relieved itself of its cargo, and, rather than following Stede's suggestion of having a positive dialogue about it, Izzy had suggested going after *another* ship. Two raids in one day! Stede was ready to turn in, sleep like a rock, and wake at noon the next day.

And then Ed had started shuffling around. And then Stede had realized what that shuffling indicated. The slow movement of a hand over a cock, steadily picking up speed. *Oh, Lord*, it was too easy to picture. Stede knew what Ed looked like in the nude, of course, having dressed and undressed in front of one another on many an occasion now, the most memorable of which being directly after they had met.

He'd seen Ed somewhat aroused before, too. When he'd bathed, before their detour to that god-awful French vessel, he didn't follow Stede's usual example of taking a bathrobe with him and hanging it on the inside of the door. Instead, he'd walked right back out completely undressed, and half-hard, like it was the most normal thing in the world. Perhaps it was. Pirates were certainly less concerned with nudity, some of them even wearing undershirts untucked (and Ed didn't wear one at *all* sometimes, which meant there was nothing between him and that leather). Even Stede went about in his shirtsleeves more often than he'd ever expected he would, and nobody seemed the least bit scandalized.

Ed, actually, thought that Stede's shirtsleeves were 'fancy', which was ridiculous, he was *practically naked*.

There was another soft, satisfied groan from across the room. Still a bit quiet, still a bit stifled, although plenty audible. Stede wondered if he'd get louder if he thought Stede was asleep. He did have a very convincing fake snore.

He tried it. It worked pretty well on Mary, and was a fantastic way to get out of arguments or sex. Just easy, slow breathing, his mouth open and his head tilted enough that every inhale rasped over his soft palate. He never imagined he'd be using such deception for this purpose, but he let himself relax into it, even, steady breaths.

Instead of touching himself with more abandon, Ed stopped.

When he spoke, it sounded like he was sitting up. Stede wondered when he'd learned the way Ed sounded while he was lying down versus when he wasn't. "What the fuck, mate, you're sleeping through that?"

Stede's fake-snoring cut off, and he swallowed. "Um. Oughtn't I?"

"No, you *oughtn't*." He heard an exhale that meant Ed was blowing his hair out of his face. "Stupid idea."

"What exactly was the stupid idea?" Stede considered moving, considered lifting his mask, but kept still.

"Nothing."

"Were you... looking for my attention?"

A little shift, as if Ed had laid back down, or turned the way he was facing on the couch. The latter seemed to be the case, his voice was quieter because he faced away. "Maybe."

This finally gave Stede the impetus to turn onto his side and lift his velvet mask. All he could see was the back of Ed's head, the black made blacker and the silver made lighter in the moonlight. "And why do you want my attention, Ed?" His heart thudded against his ribcage. This all felt impossible, like he could be dreaming.

"Dunno," Ed said, in the way that meant he did. Stede was quiet a moment longer, letting Ed bring his thoughts out into the light. "I just... thought you might want me the same way."

"And if I do?" asked Stede, who wanted him desperately, oh god, did he *want*. "What do you imagine would happen then?"

"I imagine.... I imagine you might come over to me."

Stede slipped from his bed, approaching the back of the couch. Ed didn't turn to face him. "And what next?" he asked.

"I imagine you might touch me."

Stede rested a hand on his shoulder, gently stroking his hair and pushing it to the side so he could touch Ed's neck. "Do you, perhaps, imagine I might get on the couch with you there?"

“Yeah. Yeah, I think I do.” His voice was a soft, gentle rasp.

Stede quietly made his way around to join Ed, who had leaned back in his seat and covered his face with one hand. He was missing a shirt, which was usually only the case when it was too hot to bother with one (especially considering Ed’s tendency to dress in dark colors exclusively). Stede wished for better light—he didn’t often have cause to observe the full collection of Ed’s tattoos. His trousers were undone as well, which Stede had expected, given Ed’s reason for keeping him up, but the arousal had gone. Mostly.

“So. You weren’t very subtle last night,” Ed said. “Just gonna get that out of the way.”

Stede could feel his face coloring. “I’ve no idea what you mean.”

“Yes you do.”

“*Alright*, yeah. I do.” Stede looked straight ahead at his library instead of focusing on Ed and his lack of clothing. Of course, he was too far to read a single title, but it was better than ogling. “You don’t have to be so indelicate about it, though.”

“Pretty sure ‘indelicate’s my middle name.”

“That’s quite unconventional. Even more so than ‘Stede’.”

“‘Unconventional’ was my second choice for a middle name.” Ed’s posture turned from defeated to relaxed, and Stede felt a smile pull at the corners of his mouth, as they returned to their usual back-and-forth.

“Well, Edward ‘Indelicate, Unconventional’ Teach, I must inquire after your particular choice of method to get my attention.”

Ed sighed. “Dunno. Seemed like a good idea at the time. Just wanted to... you seem so *restrained*, man.” He clenched both hands into fists, giving them a little shake before dropping them at his sides again. “Thought I might try and show you how it’s done.”

“From across the room, whilst I was asleep?”

Ed shrugged, but only his left shoulder. He lifted his head, and finally turned to look at Stede. His eyes were so dark, they glittered in the moonlight. Fathomless and beautiful. “Yeah. Except I knew you weren’t sleeping.”

“You realize,” Stede said, his fingers curling in his nightshirt, “you might have simply talked to me about it?”

Ed groaned, ragged and frustrated. “You’re the one who’s a talker, mate, not me. I don’t talk, I was just gonna—” he made a rather illustrative hand motion, “—and then maybe say your name, get you back for that one.”

“You heard that,” realized Stede, now reframing their morning conversation. At the time, he’d been thinking something like, *‘do I know somebody else called Edward? Well, my father was called Edward, but that past tense there means I don’t currently know another Edward, at least not a memorable one, and I doubt Ed wants to know about Father.’* Now, having properly thought it through with all the context, he said, “you wanted to know if I was calling for you.”

“Yeah.” No hesitation.

Stede found his voice hoarse when he spoke again. “Of course I meant you.” He leaned in, close enough that he could smell the rosemary and lavender oil he’d offered Ed the use of for his beard, and beneath it the sharp, spicy musk of him, a scent that curled in the back of his throat. “Ed, you must know how thoroughly you have enchanted me.”

“No,” Ed said. “Didn’t know. Didn’t know anything about that.”

“I’m telling you, my dear boy.”

“Oh. Well, if we’re telling each other things,” Ed said, “I’m maybe, kind of a little bit enchanted, myself. With you. Obviously.” It was hard to see a flush under all that beard, but the way Ed’s eyes darted, catching a glimpse of Stede before looking away, was proof enough.

It took Stede a moment to find it in himself to speak again, Ed's words making his heart swell up, blocking his throat. "Edward—I'm afraid I don't quite know where to go from here," he admitted. "Mutual admission of feelings, that's not really something I have any familiarity with."

Ed's head turned, finally catching Stede's eye and holding. "Wanna know something? Neither do I."

"Then—all this, all your past experience...?"

"Never really came with feelings, no." Ed reached out, fingers brushing Stede's jawline, his thumb settling into the dent in the center of Stede's chin. "So, I guess, any thought that I was gonna teach you anything was probably stupid."

"Not exactly." Stede's tongue passed over his lower lip, which did hardly anything to make him feel less parched. "Feelings or not, you still have—ah, pardon me for saying so—rather a bit more experience with men, yes?"

Ed snorted. "Don't gotta ask for a pardon from me. I'm the one with my pants open."

Stede had been trying very hard not to focus on that. "Trust me, I'm well aware."

Ed's eyes got this mischievous curve to them, and Stede would bet that under his mustache, his lips would make the same shape. "You wanna see what I was gonna do while you listened?"

"I—" Stede gasped, feeling like a blushing maiden. "I think so. Yes."

"You know, nobody gets front row seats to this show lately," Ed said, soothing a worry Stede hadn't even identified yet. "Turn like this, sit with your back to the arm of the couch. Spread your legs."

Stede followed Ed's instructions but managed to look very flustered about it, making Ed chuckle. When he found his words, Stede said, "I thought *you* were going to. Erm."

"Front. Row. Seats," Ed repeated. He flicked his hair over one shoulder with an easy movement and then turned his back to Stede, revealing the ink-painted canvas of his skin, the scars that broke up tattoos and the tattoos that were clumsily etched over scars. Stede only saw it for a second, because Ed sat back, the warm line of him against the cool linen of Stede's nightshirt.

Oh. This really was the front row. Ed let one of his feet drop to the floor, the other on the couch cushions, his leg brace clinking quietly as he readjusted. He was wearing a pair of Stede's socks, because after they'd traded clothes, he'd plucked at Stede's stockings and had said, *"being a gentleman might be worth it for these,"* and Stede had said, *"you're free to keep them,"* and Ed had asked, *"you got any in black?"*

This was the closest Ed had ever been to him. Stede could feel Ed's beard tickle against his neck when he turned his head. He could follow the mast of the ten-gun ship inked on Ed's torso down, down, to the line of paler skin where his waistband normally sat and he didn't tan as deep. Past that, to coarse curls the same silver-gray as his beard, and his cock, still sitting soft in the V of his undone trousers.

"Oh, god," Stede found himself whispering. Praying, maybe.

"No god here," Ed said. "Just me."

"Oh, Ed," Stede corrected himself, as Ed's hand reached for his cock. "Wow. I mean, I had imagined, perhaps, but I never thought—"

"Imagined?" Ed asked. He leaned his head back on Stede's shoulder, turning so that his forehead pressed into Stede's neck. "Been thinking about me?"

"From... time to time."

"Tell me," Ed urged him. "Gimme your dirtiest fantasy, get me going."

Stede chuckled, because his dirtiest fantasy was quite tame indeed. "I wasn't thinking anything particularly lewd, just... what it might be like if, instead

of going each to our own beds after drinks one night, we stayed together with one another."

"That's all? Just my company gets you off? You must be constantly stiff, then. That's gotta hurt."

Stede sighed, watching the slow, lazy movements of Ed's hand. "No, ah, that's not quite all of it."

"Stop holding out on me, Captain."

Stede wanted to hide his face in Ed's hair as he spoke, but he couldn't stop looking at Ed's body. His thighs, still covered in leather, the scars scattered on his belly, his ungloved palm against his cock. Even the back of his hand, which was constantly hidden beneath his gloves, was tattooed.

"Stede," Ed urged him.

"I thought perhaps... when the fire was getting low, you might—kiss me. And then you would sit in my lap—that bit's happened, I suppose—and then we would... just touch."

Ed's left hand, the one that wasn't on his cock, came up and twisted into Stede's curls, a firm grip on the back of his head. "You want a kiss, you just ask, babe."

"I... would *you* like a kiss?" Stede asked.

"Hell yes." Ed tipped his head, and Stede closed his eyes. He'd never kissed anybody from this angle, and he didn't lean his head in far enough. He ended up kissing Ed's beard, mostly, on the first try. On the second, he encountered Ed's mustache, but, right beneath that was his lips.

Ed was quite clearly more practiced with this than Stede, who had only had a few kisses with Mary that lasted longer than a second. This was very different from those sad, strange, wet kisses, wherein Stede became overaware of his body and completely unsure of what he was doing or how to respond to her. Ed moved against him, his arm wrapping around Stede's

head still, crushing him close, delivering a *forceful* kiss, and then—oh, heavens—was that his tongue?

Stede's hands had been firmly planted on the couch cushion, but one of them drifted and touched Ed's right arm. One moment of feeling the steady movements of Ed stroking himself was enough to startle Stede out of the kiss.

"You know you can touch, right?" Ed asked, his voice dropped low, all mellow and smooth like Stede's favorite brandy.

"I—yes. Certainly. But, um. How do you *want* to be touched?"

"Anything," Ed said. Stede's eyes returned to their previous perch, the crux of Ed's movement drawing his attention. Ed had gotten completely hard while they were kissing, and he was moving his hand in quick, regular strokes, just like Stede had been last night. There was a strangeness to watching Ed touch himself, a novelty. Of course Stede had known Ed did this—but he'd never *pictured* it. "Just get your hands on me."

Stede rested his hand over the ship on Ed's sternum. His other brushed Ed's bicep again, but then, in a panic, he drew it away, feeling remarkably strange about touching the arm attached to the hand that was currently working Ed's cock.

"You want another kiss?" Ed asked him.

"I... can't watch if I'm kissing you," Stede said. He didn't want to look away. On the downstroke, when Ed's hand pulled his foreskin back a bit, Stede could see that the head of his cock was wet.

"True enough," Ed said.

Stede wondered if Ed could feel him in much the same state. He must be able to. The nightshirt was so thin.

"D'you like kissing me?" Ed asked. There was a smidge of anxiety in it.

"Terribly so," Stede said. "It is a bit, ah. Hairier than I'm used to."

"Mm." Ed let go of the back of Stede's head (he'd still been holding him, and Stede had forgotten about it entirely) and pet him once before readjusting his hand to push his thumb beneath Stede's jaw and lift it up, giving Ed room to nuzzle into his neck and kiss him there.

"Beard feels good here, too," he said, by way of explanation. *Christ*, he wasn't wrong. But the beard didn't feel half as good as his warm lips, hot breath, and his tongue—not to mention the little scrapes of his teeth against Stede's skin.

"*Oh*, yes, yes it does," Stede said, putting both hands around Ed's middle now, lower on his belly than he'd dared before.

"Bit tough to multitask, though," Ed said. "You take over downstairs, I'll make you feel really good."

"Downstairs?" Stede asked.

Ed took his hand off his cock.

"Oh."

"Yeah," Ed said.

"I've never..."

"That's a fuckin' lie," Ed laughed, smacking a loud kiss on his jaw. "Heard you last night, Captain. I know you know how to. Just do me like you'd fuck yourself."

Stede groaned, shifting his hips. If Ed remarked on the noticeable bulge of his cock, he didn't mention it. "Well, I suppose our positioning does facilitate that."

"Yeah. Touch me, Stede. Show me what you were doing to yourself last night."

Stede could hardly breathe as his hand slipped down Ed's belly and between his hips, fumbling until his fingers were around Ed's cock. It felt much akin

to his own, not much bigger or smaller, just as hot, the same texture of the skin.

This shouldn't have been revolutionary, but it was. Before this, sex had always been with someone completely foreign, somebody he didn't understand. And some men must have liked that, learning somebody different, but Stede was *incomparably* aroused by the fact that he was touching a *man*.

"That's it, there you go," was all Ed said, before going back to mouthing at Stede's neck. He found the tendons that drew down to Stede's collarbone and nipped at them, scraped his teeth and tongue over the curve of Stede's neck. It felt *magnificent*.

He paused once in a while to give Stede instructions, his voice soft and encouraging. "Little faster," he said, and then, "squeeze me tighter, yeah, that's good." When he spoke, his breath puffed against Stede's neck, cooling his skin where Ed's saliva was drying on him. When Stede followed his instructions, Ed rewarded him by sinking his teeth in a little deeper, sucking on Stede's skin, a sensation Stede had never before experienced. It made him feel like heat was trickling down his neck and pooling in his belly.

When Ed pulled back, just letting his head rest on Stede's shoulder, Stede slowed his movements. "Alright?" he asked.

"Christ, fuck, don't stop," Ed said. "I'm so close."

Oh, so *that* was the reason. Stede kept moving, letting Ed pant and squirm (rubbing himself against Stede's cock, too, which was a lovely feeling) and make all sorts of little noises. And then he started *talking*.

"You wanna know something? Last night, after you finished off and washed up, I had to finish *myself* off."

"Really?" Stede pictured him lying here, listening to Stede cry his name, sitting on his hands until Stede was asleep and then waiting for Stede to walk past him to the bathroom and return. Then doing exactly what Stede was doing for him right now.

"Guess you weren't fake snoring for that, eh?"

"No, I was—I wish I'd heard."

"Me too. *Oh, fuck*, Stede, I just kept thinking of—of how you said my name. And I got so, *ah*. Couldn't keep my hands off myself."

The thought that Stede *compelled* him to such ends. That anyone would be so overwhelmingly lustful for *Stede* that he couldn't stop himself from touching his cock. It had Stede pushing forward against Ed, rubbing his cock against Ed's lower back, rutting like some daft, thoughtless animal while his hand still pulled at Ed's cock.

Ed was making this little soft, rhythmic whining sort of noise, his voice pitched higher than Stede had ever heard it, and then he just switched to, "*oh, yeah yeah yeah, yes—*"

Stede would admit that he usually didn't look at himself while he was *in the moment*, as it were. His own body wasn't enticing to him that way, but he watched Ed's orgasm with fascination, his own hand making Ed come. That was *something*, wasn't it?

Ed pushed himself back against Stede, one sinuous line. The sensuality of it all was *far* too much, Stede let go of Ed's cock, grasped tight to his hip, and pushed forward against him, his cock riding against Ed's lower back.

It took seconds for Stede to come in his nightshirt, with Ed catching his breath against him, and no orgasm had ever felt better.

Ed lifted Stede's hand so his mouth and kissed it, licking off the remains of his release there, surprising Stede with the way he sat up, after, not stopping in the afterglow. He turned around, dark eyes piercing Stede's.

"Would you allow me to do the same for you?"

Oh. Oh, he was quite unawares, wasn't he?

"Well. I *would*, it's simply—Edward, I find myself a bit overcome—"

"That's okay, I can take it slow," he said, pressing another soft kiss to Stede's jaw. "Let me make you feel good."

"You've already made me feel quite wonderful," Stede said. "So much so, in fact, that we ought to clean up, before the stain sets into my nightshirt."

"Before the... *oh*." Ed's smile widened, and he looked incredibly proud of himself.

"Yes, yes, laugh as much as you want," Stede said, wriggling his way from under Ed.

Ed followed him down the hall to the bathroom. "Stede—I'm not laughing at you. There's nothing wrong with going off a little early, yeah? It's a compliment, honest."

Stede couldn't help but feel a little flustered, spending in his clothes like a hapless schoolboy. "I can't imagine it's quite so ordinary at our age," he said.

He considered shutting the bathroom door, but in the time it took for him to consider, Edward shuffled in beside him. "Hey," he said softly, perching on the edge of the tub. "Did you like everything that happened? Was it good?"

The edge of concern in his voice softened the uncomfortable feeling in Stede's chest. "Oh, my dear, it was wonderful," he said, stripping off his nightshirt and preparing a laundry bucket for it to soak in. "I apologize if I made you believe I might think otherwise, I—"

He turned, and forgot whatever he might say, because Ed was looking at him. Ed was *staring* at him. Ogling, even.

"Edward?"

"You're lovely," Ed said, holding out a hand. "Help me up, here, bad knee's stiff."

Stede pulled Edward to his feet, now nose-to-nose with him. Or, a little less than. The few inches Stede's heels added to his height were gone now. As

Ed took a step closer, Stede realized acutely how naked he was. Was *that* what Ed had been looking at?

"Want another kiss?" Stede asked him.

"Yeah."

Ed pressed him back against the bathroom door, using the difference in angle and the fact that they didn't have to tilt their necks in a funny way to deepen the kiss immediately. Stede put his arms around Ed's shoulders, feeling the coarse fall of Ed's hair over his arm. Ed settled his hands on Stede's hips, somewhere nobody had really held onto him before, and kissed him again, and again, and again.

If Stede were a younger man, this would be enough to provoke him into a second round, but he was well-sated enough that their kisses just slowed into something comfortable, a method to keep touching.

When there was a pause between kisses long enough that Stede thought to say something, he asked, "want to share the bed tonight?"

Ed nodded, for far longer than he needed to, his eyes lit with the same brightness they'd held when Stede asked if he might like to stay aboard the Revenge.

Author's Note:

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or my nsfw twitter [@luddlessmut](#) or on my tumblr [@luddlestons](#)